

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.*

Princes that strive by factions and by friends  
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,  
Know that the people of Rome for whome we stand  
A speciall Partie, haue by common voyce,  
In election for the Romaine Emperie  
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*,  
For many good and great desert to Rome:  
A nobler man, a brauer warriour,  
Lives not this day within the City walls.  
He by the Senate is accited home,  
From weary warres against the barbarous Gothes;  
That with his sonnes (a terror to our foes)  
Hath yoakt a nation strong, trained vp in Armes.  
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes  
Our enemies pride: Five times he hath returned  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes  
In Coffins from the field,  
And now at last, laden with honours spoiles  
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,  
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.  
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,  
Whome worthily you would haue now succcede,  
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,  
Whome you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength,  
Dismiss your followers, and as suters should,  
Plead your deserts in peate and humblenes.

*Saturninus.*

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

*Bassianus.*

*Marcus Andronicus*, so I doe affie,

In

of *Titus Andronicus*.

In thy vprightnes and integrity,  
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,  
And her to whome my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,  
That I will heere dismiss my louing friends:  
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,  
Commit my cause in ballance to be waied. *Exit Souldiers.*

*Saturninus.*

Friends, that haue beene thus forward in my right,  
I thanke you all, and heere dismiss you all,  
And to the loue and fauour of my Country,  
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause.  
Rome be as iust and gracious vnto me,  
As I am confident and kinde to thee.  
Open the gates and let me in.

*Bassianus*, Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

*They goe vp into the Senate house.*

*Enter a Captaine.*

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,  
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:  
Succesfull in the battailes that he fightes,  
With honour and with fortune is returnd,  
From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus sonnes, and then two women bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other sonnes, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aron the More, and others, as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.*

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*Titus*